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ing to discover the language of Sanchoniathon, than the Numidian. This question, however, must be left to the decision of the learned, when its vocabulary is made more complete, and a greater insight is obtained into its grammatical forms?

Mr Shaler has obtained partial vocabularies of the language of the Kabyles, taken by a Jewish interpreter, and a Swedish gentleman, which are printed in this paper, and compared with Dr Shaw's vocabulary. The investigation will be pursued, as opportunities occur of becoming better acquainted with the language of these people. Several particulars illustrating this subject, and confirming the suggestions in the above extract, may be expected in Mr Shaler's work on Algiers, which has already been promised to the public.

On the whole we cannot doubt, that the present volume of Transactions will fully sustain the reputation, which the Society has acquired by those it has formerly published. The first paper, containing a *Description of Insects inhabiting North America*, by Mr Thomas Say, occupies about one fifth of the volume, and the name of the author, in connexion with this department of physical science, speaks sufficiently for the character of his performance. There are other articles on topics of mineralogy, chemistry, botany, the mathematics, and one on the anatomy and physiology of the Alligator of North America. An obituary notice of the late president, Robert Patterson, is prefixed to the volume.

The best historical account of the American Philosophical Society, which we have seen, is contained in the appendix to Mr Walsh's Appeal.

ART. II.—*Hadad, a Dramatic Poem*. By JAMES A. HILLHOUSE, Author of 'Percy's Masque,' and 'The Judgment.' New York. E. Bliss and E. White. 1825. 8vo. pp. 208.

THE scene, in which this poem is laid, is not such a one as poetry has often inclined to select, though none could be found, as we apprehend, more appropriate to the exercise of its powers. Indeed we are surprised, that the ancient Jewish

history, full as it is of high associations, lasting sympathies, singular opinions, remarkable events, and great men, has not been a favorite and peculiar walk of the dramatic muse. Where is there a more eventful page in the book of heroes and kingdoms, than that which records the life of David, or a more splendid one, than that on which is emblazoned the reign of Solomon? And with regard to the people, who were governed by these great princes, where, we would ask, is there, or has there been a nation, who have stood forth in so high relief from the rest of the world, as the posterity of Israel? The single circumstance, that they alone worshipped the one great Creator, to the exclusion of all the gods of all other lands, is enough to confer on them an extraordinary preeminence, and a strongly distinctive character. They were proud, it is true, stiffnecked, restless, rebellious and ungrateful—but they were separate. No wonder that they called their city the Holy City; crime and pollution, after moving in pompous procession, and under the names of religion and piety, through every other city of the earth, found the gates of Jerusalem shut fast against their mockeries. No wonder that the temple was a perpetual boast, and that the perfection of beauty and glory was supposed to shine from its outward walls, and reside among its pillars and its porticos; the name of Jehovah, and his name only, was pronounced in worship there, and imparted a sublimity and majesty to the place, before which the architectural piles of Ephesus and Athens dwindled down into senseless masses of stone. Then there was that strange, mysterious brotherhood, the prophets; companions of kings, favorites and ambassadors of Heaven; who denounced against the peculiar people curses and wrath, or promised the fulness of blessing; and who poured forth their prophecies, whether of mercy or woe, in strains of poetry which have never been surpassed in loftiness and beauty, if they have ever been equalled, by the genius of man.

In this remarkable light the ancient Israelites must appear, even to those who regard them merely as one of the nations of the earth, possessing no claims on their attention but such as are derived from national peculiarity. Additional claims are made, and far stronger sympathies are excited by this singular race, in the view of those who receive the dispensation by Moses as a part of their own religion, and see in their

spiritual Prince and Saviour, a descendant of the house of David. To them the literature of Judah is sacred, the sayings of the prophets are oracles, and Palestine is a land of pilgrimage. The wilderness in which the tribes roamed for forty years; the mount from whose top their prophet received the law; and every inch of that country, which came to them by promise, are to all Christians holy ground, and not to be trod upon, unless the feet are bare.

There is another association, and a melancholy one, which belongs to the land of Judea. Where are its once favored inhabitants? Where are the ancient people of God? They have given place to the barbarian and the infidel; their descendants are scattered among the gentiles, though still, as ever, remaining distinct from them; the hills are all the same, Jordan flows on as before, the very wells at which the patriarchs quenched their thirst are recognised and named by religious curiosity, but the children of the soil are far away, and a Jew is an alien in the land of his fathers.

The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

These are all circumstances of no ordinary character; such indeed as can be matched in interest by no other human history. They are all under the dominion of poetry, and only wait to be swayed, that their power may be adequately felt.

Among the most successful trials, which have been attempted in this way, we venture to rank the dramatic poem before us. The event, which our countryman has chosen for the main action of his piece, is the rebellion of Absalom. But neither Absalom, nor his father, nor Abithophel, is his chief character, nor yet Hadad, prince of Damascus, but—start not, uninitiated reader—it is Lucifer himself, under the form, or rather animating the corpse of Hadad, who is the visible instigator of the mischief, and hero of the scene, mixing with the other characters in all their conversations as a man, and appearing as a man, though to be sure a wild and strange one, to the very end.

For so bold a conception as this, we could have pardoned a much weaker execution of it, than has really been effected. But Mr Hillhouse's temerity stops not here. He has not only made the devil his hero, but, according to established usage.

he has made his hero in love. Think of that ; the devil in love ! none of your inferior spirits, or fallen angels of low degree ; but the arch fiend himself, desperately in love with a granddaughter of David ! This, as we barely state it, appears altogether ludicrous ; but in the poet's conduct of it, there is nothing ludicrous, and hardly anything which is revolting. If it had been announced at the first, as was the custom in the ancient Mysteries, that ' here comes the devil incarnate, in the shape of prince Hadad, and here comes the lady Tamar, of whom he is enamoured,' our ideas of propriety would perhaps have received an irrecoverable shock ; but the secret is so well kept from us in the introductory scenes, it is so gradually unfolded, or rather hinted at, in the course of the poem, and the principal character is sustained with so much dignity, that none but a serious impression is left upon the mind of the reader, and the dialogues between Hadad, or Lucifer, and the daughter of Absalom, are the most solemn and tender in the work. The general outline of the fiend is that of Milton's Satan ; and it is only when we have finished the perusal of Mr Hillhouse's drama, that we are permitted to reflect how hazardous an undertaking it was, to bring forward this same lofty, solitary being, who warred with the Almighty, and preferred to reign in hell rather than servé in heaven, to bring forward this one into the Jewish court, and occupy him with an earthly love.

But let us relate the story. Those who have not read it, will desire the recital ; and those who have, will make no objection to their memory being refreshed by the repetition.

The first scene introduces to us Hadad, who is a hostage in Jerusalem, conferring with Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, and endeavoring, though with little direct success, to make him renounce his allegiance to David, who is represented as the usurper of a throne, which belonged of right to the descendant of Saul. Then follows a dialogue between Hadad and Absalom, in which the jealousy of the latter is successfully inflamed against his younger brother Solomon. This conference is interrupted by the prophet Nathan, at whose appearance Hadad precipitately withdraws ; and here the first suspicion is awakened with regard to that person's character.

'*Nath.* Why doth that Syrian shun me? Always thus
He, like a guilty thing, avoids my presence.
Where'er I find him, and I find him ever
Closely conferring, whether roofed, as now,
Or on the walls, or in the streets, or gates,
Or the resorts of men, if I appear,
His bright mysterious eye seems conscious of me,
And soon he vanishes. I touched him once.
He turned, as he had felt a scorpion; fear
And loathing glared from his enkindled eyes,
And paleness overspread his face, like one
Who smothers mortal pain. Fierce, subtle, dark,
Designing, and inscrutable, he walks
Among us like an evil Angel.'

The same distrust is expressed in the succeeding scene by the seer to King David, joined with the counsel that the suit of Hadad for Absalom's daughter Tamar, should be rejected. The king, however, does not readily admit his advice, and especially refuses to suspect the designs and fidelity of Absalom, against whose policy Nathan also warns him.

The third scene is the beautiful one between Hadad and Tamar; which has been so often quoted, that we shall forbear transferring it to our pages. In the course of it, the seeming prince attempts, with alluring words, to instil into the mind of the loving and confiding princess, doubts of the goodness of Jehovah, and a preference for the voluptuous rites of heathen worship. But the maiden is steadfast in her faith and purity.

Repulsed in one quarter, we find the tempter busy in another, laying snares for the virtue of the youthful Solomon. The introduction to this scene is a beautiful description of Jerusalem, before which Hadad is standing alone.

'*Had.* 'Tis so;—the hoary Harper sings aright;
How beautiful is Zion!—Like a queen,
Armed with a helm in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods,
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Wave their dark beauty round the Tower of David.

Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
 The embrazures of alabaster shine ;
 Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
 To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
 But not, for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
 Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed
 With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
 Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
 Where Saints and Prophets teach, where the stern law
 Still speaks in thunder, where chief Angels watch,
 And where the Glory hovers, here I war.'

Meanwhile Absalom is continually worked upon by the arts of the indefatigable seducer, till his affections are completely alienated from his father, and he plots against his crown. At the house of Obil, a creature of Hadad's, we have a meeting of the conspirators, three of whom, Abithophel, Manasses, and Malchiah, are members of the royal council. Couriers come in, from various parts of the country, with accounts of so favorable an aspect, that the morrow is fixed on for the day of unmasked rebellion.

The fourth act opens with a scene on the top of Mount Olivet, which is crowded with fugitives from Jerusalem. King David, driven from his throne by his unnatural son, is worshipping among his household ; while Joab, Benaiah, and other chieftains, marshal the multitude. We will extract a part of the scene for our readers, principally because the fierce and impetuous character of Joab is so well preserved in it.

' Ben. Go bid yon loiterers hasten over Kedron,
 If they would march with us.

Joab. Let them abide ;—

Why crawl they after us ?—What seest thou, ho ?

[Addressing a Soldier stationed in a tree above him.]

Soldier. Nothing, my lord, but people from the city
 Hurrying this way.

Joab. Look not on them, fool ; fix
 Thine eyes upon the south.

Soldier. I do, my lord.

Joab. What seest thou toward the Prince's pillar ?

Soldier. Nothing.

Joab. On that same open height beyond it ?

Soldier. Nothing.

Joab. Well, nail thine eyes there.—Will the old man's prayer
Stretch out till doom? Benaiah, we lose time ;
We should be now beyond Bahurim.

Ben. Be patient ;
The stroke was bitter, and his heart seemed fraught
Almost to bursting.

Joab. Better rive at once,
Than meet the tender mercies of his son
By loitering here. By heaven, I'll rouse him—

Ben. Hold,
Hold, Joab !

People. Stand aside—Back there—The King !
[*KING DAVID comes forward among the People ; Enter HUSHAI,
with his garments rent ; he falls to the ground, and clasps the
King's feet.*]

Hush. God save my lord the King ! Live I to see
My master thus ! the Light, the Rock of Israel !

K. Dav. Once, Hushai, once the candle of the Lord,
Beamed on my head, and like a shadowing rock,
His buckler sheltered me. Thou seest me, now,
Dark and defenceless ; all my leprous sins
Wrathfully visited upon my people.

First People. What will become of us ?

Second People. Alas ! alas !
Heaven hath forsaken us !

Third People. Wo, wo, alas !

Joab. (*Going among them.*)
Peace with your howling ! Peace ! or ye shall feast
The wild beasts of the wilderness.—My lord,
We linger here while death is at our heels.

K. Dav. Hushai.

Hush. Command thy servant.

K. Dav. Turn thou back ;
Mix with his council ; seem as they. Thy words
May blast Ahithophel's, whose malice, else,
Will work our ruin ; With us thou canst nought.—
Abiathar and Zadok stay behind,
By my commandment, with the Ark ; To them
Communicate what thou canst learn of import ;
They will despatch it to me by their sons,
Where I shall wait them in the wilderness.

Joab. Depart ere thou art seen.

Hush. God guard the King,
And bring him home to Zion.

K. Dav. May it please Him !

The whole of this part of the poem is hardly more than a dramatic version of the original story, as it is related in the second book of Samuel. Obedient to the desire of his master, whose prudence and foresight are awakened, instead of stupified, by misfortune, Hushai, the faithful counsellor, returns to the city, in order to countermine and defeat the purposes of Absalom. It was the usurper's interest to press on immediately with his forces, and overwhelm his father before he could collect his friends and recover from his confusion. It was consequently Hushai's part to induce delay, by representing it as the wisest and safest course. This he effectually accomplishes. But the whole of the council scene, in which the debate takes place, is so favorable a specimen of Mr Hillhouse's powers, that we shall present it in his own words; and the rather, because, though it is inferior to none in the poem, we have not seen it extracted in any of the notices which have been given to the public.

'The council-hall. ABSALOM, AHITHOPHEL, MANASSES, MALCHIAH, HUSHAI, and others, in debate; AHITHOPHEL speaking.

Ahith. My lord, you know them not—you wear, to-day,
The diadem, and hear yourself proclaimed
With trump and timbrel Israel's joy, and deem
Your lasting throne established. Canst thou bless,
Or blast, like Him who rent the waters, clave
The rock, whose awful clangour shook the world
When Sinai quaked beneath his majesty?
Yet Jacob's seed forsook this thundering Guide,
Even at the foot of the astonished mount!—
If benefits could bind them, wherefore flames
The Ammonitish spoil upon thy brows,
While David's locks are naked to the night dew?
Canst thou transcend thy father? is thy arm
Stronger than his who smote from sea to sea,
And girt us like a band of adamant?—
Trust not their faith. Thy father's root is deep;
His stock will bourgeon with a single sun;
And many tears will flow to moisten him.—
Pursue, this night, or ruin will o'ertake thee.

Ab. What say'st thou, Hushai? Speak to this, once more.

Hush. I listen to my lord Ahithophel,
As to a heaven-instructed oracle;
But what he urges more alarms my fears.

Thou seest, O King, how night envelopes us ;
Amidst its perils, whom must we pursue ?
The son of Jesse is a man of war,
Old in the field, hardened to danger, skilled
In every wile and stratagem ; the night
More welcome than the day. Each mountain path
He treads instinctive as the ibex ; sleeps,
Moistened with cold dank drippings of the rock,
As underneath the canopy. Some den
Will be his bed to-night. No hunter knows
Like him, the caverns, cliffs, and treacherous passes ;
Familiar to his feet, in former days,
As 'twixt the Court and Tabernacle ! What !
Know ye not how his great heart swells in danger
Like the old lion's from his lair by Jordan
Rising against the strong ? Beware of him by night,
While anger chafes him. Never hope
Surprisa! While we talk, they lurk in ambush,
Expectant of their prey ; the Cherethites,
And those blood-thirsty Gittites crouch around him,
Like evening wolves ; fierce Joab darts his eyes,
Keen as the leopard's, out into the night,
And curses our delay ; Abishai raves ;
Benaiah, Ittai, and the Tachmonite,
And they, the mighty three, who broke the host
Of the Philistines, and from Bethlehem well
Drew water, when the King but thirsted, now,
Raven like beasts bereaved of their young.—
We go not after boys, but the Gibborim,
Whose bloody weapons never struck but triumphed.

Malchi. It were a doubtful quest.

Hush. Hear me, O King.

Go not to-night, but summon, with the dawn,
Israel's ten thousands ; mount thy conquering car,
Surrounded by innumerable hosts,
And go, their strength, their glory, and their King,
Almighty to the battle ; for what might
Can then resist thee ? Light upon this handful,
Like dew upon the earth ; or if they bar
Some city's gates against thee, let the people
Level its puny ramparts, stone by stone,
And cast them into Jordan. Thus, my lord
May bind his crown with wreaths of victory,
And owe his kingdom to no second arm.

Ahith. O blindness ! Lunacy !

Hush. I would retire ;
Ye have my counsel.

Ahith. Would thou hadst not come,
To linger out with thy pernicious talk
The hours of action.

Hush. Wise Ahithophel,
No longer I'll offend thee. Please the King——

[*ABSALOM waves him to resume his seat.*]

Ahith. By all your hopes, my lord, of life and glory,
I do adjure thee shut thine ears to him !
His counsel's fatal, if not treacherous.
I see its issue, clearly as I see
The badge of royalty,—not long to sit
Where now it sparkles, if his words entice thee.—
Never was prudence in my tongue, or now.—
Blanch'd as I am, weak, withered, winter-stricken,
Grant but twelve thousand men, and I'll go forth.
Weary, weak-handed, what can they, if taken,
Now, in their first alarm ?

Ab. Were this resolved,
We would not task thy age. What think ye, sirs ?

Manass. My lord, the risk is great : a night assault
Deprives us of advantage from our numbers,
Which in the open field ensure success ;
And news of a disaster blown about,
And magnified, just now, when all are trembling,
Might lose a Tribe, might wound us fatally.
Hushai's advice appears most prudent.

Ahith. Fate !

Malchi. I think so too, my lord.

Others. And I. And I.

Ahith. Undone !

Ab. The Council are agreed, this once,
Against you, and with them the King accords.

Ahith. (*Stretching his hands toward ABSALOM.*)
Against thyself, thy throne, thy life, thy all !
Darkness has entered thee, confusion waits thee,
Death brandishes his dart at thee, and grins
At thy brief diadem !—Farewell ! Farewell !—
Remember me !——I'll not be checked and rated,—
Branded with treason—see my hoary hairs
Hooted and scoffed at, if they're spared, indeed,
For such indignity.—Thou'lt follow soon.

[*Exit.*]

Ab. Or win or lose, we walk not by thy light.

Malchi. The old man's strangely moved.

Manass. His fury seemed

Prophetical.

Ab. The Council is dissolved,

Here to assemble in the morning early,

To order for our absence. Leave us now

To private business.

Counsellors. Save our lord the King?

While these things are going on, Tamar, shocked at her father's crime, escapes from her apartments, is rescued in the streets from violence by two ancient Jews, and is conducted by them to the temple, which she had been seeking as a place of safety. She is torn from the sanctuary, however, by Hadad, and brought back, as we are left to suppose, to her father. Just before the battle, Absalom places her under the care of Hadad, with an injunction that he should keep aloof from the turmoil, and if the fortune of the day declared for David, that he should bear her away to the palace of his old friend Talnai, king of Geshur. After this we see no more of the contending parties, but have an account of the fight from some who witness it. It is waged in the forest of Ephraim; in one part of which we are introduced to the peaceful tents of a company of Ishmaelites. Women are seen under the trees, and one is singing before the door of her tent. Presently a man comes in, with the intelligence that two mighty hosts are joining battle; and soon after Tamar, pale and fatigued, and conducted by Hadad, craves and receives the shelter and hospitality of the tent. Then we have an exceedingly animated description of the battle, given by several of the Ishmaelites, as they enter, one after another, from the field, laden with the spoil of the slain. Abimelech, the master of the tent, returns last of all, and relates the defeat of the rebels, and the death of Absalom.

‘*Abim.* He fled upon a mule, and disappeared,

And had escaped I thought, though hotly followed,

Taking the wood when met upon the plain.

But as I crossed the forest far within,

A trumpet roused me. Hearing earnest voices,

I made that way, through a close brake, to spy

The danger. Near the thicket's verge, I saw

A concourse round an oak. Intent they seemed

On some great spectacle. Opening anon,
I saw him, bleeding, and transpierced with darts,
Borne past me on their shields.

Had. What was his vesture ?

Abim. Fragments of purple hung about his shoulders.

Had. His arms ? his helm ?

Abim. Unhelm'd his head, and bare ;
His breastplate sparkled, studded, and engrailed
With flowers of gold, pure burnish of Damascus.

Had. His stature—

Abim. Palm-like tall, of noblest aspect ;
With ample locks that trailed upon the ground.

Had. Let Hades rise to meet him reverently,
For not a Kingly Shadow there sustained
A prouder spirit.

Abim. I have watched
His dauntless bearing through this desperate day
Too keenly to mistake. Though he miscarried,
He well deserves a valiant memory,
And fought it like a son of David.'

Hadad conceals from the guard who accompany him, the fate of their master Absalom, and sends them forth in pursuit of him. He then leaves the Ishmaelite's tent with Tamar, under pretence of pursuing their journey to a place of safety, but in reality for the purpose of obtaining undisturbed possession of her. In a dark and solitary wood, he addresses her by every possible argument, which he thinks may prevail on her to yield herself up to his power and protection. On her persisting in her resolution to return to her grandfather David, he begins to reveal his real nature, and promises her the gift of immortality, if she will but authorise the act by one consenting word. Instead of being dazzled, the princess becomes terrified, and Hadad, dismissing all caution, unfolds to her his character, and the whole course of his love. He tells her, that the first time he saw her, himself invisible, was when she returned with her father Absalom from Geshur, that he was satisfied with gazing on her and being near her, till the young Syrian, the real Hadad, won her affections ; that he then first knew 'Hell's agonies, and writhed in fire, and felt the scorpion's sting ;' but yet he did not harm his rival, who was killed by some outlaws while hunting among the mountains ; that he then assumed his

body, and since that time had worn it, braving all the consequences of the deed for her love. Several striking circumstances are introduced, but we will not mar this highly wrought and terrible scene by transcribing them. To conclude our abstract of the story, Tamar, resisting the advances of her infernal suitor, and calling on God for aid, is dragged into a cave. A party of David's soldiers, who happen to be near, hasten to the spot ; but aid of another kind had arrived before them. One of them, who had entered the cave, rushes out in an agony of terror, and gives the following answer to his companions, who ask him what he saw.

‘ One like the Cherubim,
Dreadfully glistening, wing'd, and dazzling bright
As lightning, whose fierce-bickering eyeballs shot
Sparkles like arrows, filling all the cave
With red effulgence,—smiting with grasp'd beams
A howling, withering, ghast, demoniac shape,
Crouched like a venomous reptile,—rage and fear
Gleaming in his fell eyes,—who curs'd and gnash'd
And yelled, till death's last livid agony.’

Tamar, of course, is rescued, and the withered body of Hadad, dispossessed of the foul spirit, is left upon the ground.

An observable characteristic of this poem is the equal tenor of its composition. There is nothing in it which is mean, or inconsistent with the dignity of the subject ; with the exception of one incident, which we shall notice presently. In one of his other performances, ‘The Judgment,’ Mr Hillhouse was equally remarkable for the almost presumptuous nature of his theme, and for the reputable manner in which he bore himself through it. If we compare the two productions, we shall find quite as much genius and poetic talent displayed in the Judgment as in Hadad ; but in the latter there is more maturity, greater ease, and an increased capacity expressed for a long sustained flight.

Mr Hillhouse is a careful writer. He observes all the proprieties of place, time, and character. In perusing Hadad, we were struck with his constant adherence to historical and geographical truth, and his continual allusions to the customs, manners, events, and superstitions of the people among whom he had laid his scene. His *dramatis personæ* are not mere-

ly a list of Jewish names, but they are Jews, clad in Jewish costume, living in Jewish houses, expressing Jewish opinions, and talking, as far as possible, a Jewish language. The people are the descendants of Abraham, and the country is Palestine. We have exhibited a glimpse of Joab's portrait, of David's, and of Ahithophel's; the rest are equally faithful, and Absalom's and Mephibosheth's are as marked and distinct as either of these three.

We see but little of the young Solomon; and it is in the scene where he is brought forward, that the incident occurs, which we have said is beneath the general gravity of the piece. Hadad tempts the prince by showing him a box, which contains an intoxicating perfume, and on the lid of which is depicted a glowing representation of Venus and Tammuz,—very like the snuff-boxes, we presume, which some of our beaux wear in a private pocket, and show to their particular friends. As the fiend is relating the story of the picture, the marplot Nathan enters, snatches the box from the prince, examines it, throws it on the ground, and *it flashes and rises in smoke!* We allow that the kind of temptation employed, is in perfect keeping with the character of Solomon, and his future frailties and follies; but to our taste, the snuff-box, the flashing and the smoke, are too childish and marvellous; they savour too strongly of the puppet show.

We were somewhat surprised, considering our author's habit of correctness, to find him guilty in several instances, of false accentuation. In words of every day use, casual incorrectness may pass without rigid reprehension; because the living voice of the public, and a crowd of cotemporary writers will preserve the authorised pronunciation; but among proper names, a deal of confusion may be introduced by a single respectable poet, if he does not take especial care to observe their orthoepy. If Mr Hillhouse had merely written *pré'cedence* for *prece'dence*, and *e'querries* for *equer'ies*, we should not have minded it; but we deem it our duty to point out to his notice the accentuation of *Gilbo'a* instead of *Gil'boa*; *Aba'na* instead of *Ab'ana*; *Maz'zaroath* instead of *Mazza'roth*; *Bethaba'ra* for *Bethab'ara*; *Pagi'el* for *Pa'giel*; and *Nethi'nims* for *Neth'inims*.

Here we will end our fault finding; for we did not sit down to find fault, but to express the high opinion which we

entertain of this poem, and our gratitude to the author of it. There are some folks, we know, who pretend to think it very tame in us that we do not cut up every author who falls in our way, till we can see his bones; and who charge us with loading all American writers with thick and indiscriminate praise, for no other reason than because they are American. In answer to this, we will merely remark, that we are not blind to the miserable stuff, which is constantly thrown off by the presses of our country, but that it is not often we feel any desire to soil our hands with it; secondly, that we have no compunction in confessing, that we do hail, with infinitely more delight, a good work which is produced by native genius, than one of equal quality which is sent to us from the land of our ancestors, because we stand in lamentable need of such things, and the English have a plenty of them, and moreover because we are Americans ourselves. Our third remark is, that whenever we think a work is good, whether it be poetry or prose, we shall be sure to say so.

Mr Hillhouse's Hadad is an ornament and bright addition to the literature of our country. We can send it abroad without a blush or an apology; not as being of the highest order of excellence, but as a sample of American poetry, full of beauty, dignity and interest. We read it with pleasure, and we came to its last page with regret.

ART. III.—*Reports of Cases, argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of the State of Maine.* By SIMON GREENLEAF, Counsellor at Law. Vol. II. Containing Cases of the years 1822 and 1823. Hallowell. 1824.

‘THE attendance of courts,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘is subject to four bad instruments; first, certain persons that are sowers of suits, which make the court swell and the country pine; the second sort is of those that engage courts in quarrels of jurisdiction, and are not truly “*amici curiæ*,” but “*parasiti curiæ*,” in puffing a court up beyond her bounds, for their own scraps and advantages; the third sort is of those that may be ac-